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FEAR OF THE PEOPLE AS A MINOR MOTIVE IN SHAKSPERE

By JOHN C. MCCLOSKEY

ALTHOUGH the full development of the democratic philosophy of government belongs to the mid-seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries rather than to the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, nevertheless it is clear that in no less than seven plays Shakspere was at least aware of the political power of the people. On the subject of the political rights of the common people Shakspere did not commit himself, for the obvious reason that belief in democracy as a system of government by compact was not yet formalized in an age which supported the popular absolutisms of the Tudor monarchs and which witnessed the emergence of England as a national sovereign state. From the Magna Charta to James I the political struggle was not, essentially, between the masses of the people and their rulers but between the feudal barons and the King, between Parliament and the Crown.

In the course of the two centuries before Shakspere, nevertheless, the people were beginning to stir, and the movement of the lower classes which culminated in regicide in 1649 was clearly perceptible as early as the time of Chaucer. Criticism of abuses in church, government, and society became severe in *Piers Plowman* and with John Wyclif. The peasants, led by Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, revolted in 1381, and though defeated by Richard II, the peasants were henceforth a force to be reckoned with in English life. Ball preached his theory of democracy and socialism in the text:

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

According to the testimony of Froissart, he also agitated for social equalitarianism.[1] With Wyclif began that attack on authority which, carried on by John Hus, Zwingli, Calvin and Luther, became eventually, with the humble Dissenters, an attack on civil authority when they transferred from religion to politics their revolt against government

from above. In 1593, shortly after the beginning of Shakspere's career, persecutory laws were passed against the Separatists, who had developed a great passion for political liberty, and many of them fled to the Netherlands.

The sixteenth century was, moreover, a century of peasant revolt. From Kett's rebellion in 1539 to 1560 there were almost annual agrarian uprisings. The enclosures of the great landlords turned the manors into sheep pastures, and the villagers were evicted to shift for themselves and thus to swell the army of paupers and vagabonds. The mass of Englishmen, despite the wealth brought to the upper classes by the commercial revolution begun under Henry VII, became increasingly poor and sank more deeply into misery and want. By the end of Elizabeth's reign from eighty to ninety per cent of the English people were far worse off than at the beginning, and by 1600 the ordinary Englishman's income was only fifty per cent of what it had been in 1500. There were many complaints, some of which appear in More's *Utopia.* Some officials, like the Duke of Somerset, sympathized with the sufferings of the common people; and certain idealists, like Bishop Latimer, began to preach economic morality and to gather together a group of interested people at Court called the "Communal Party." The Privy Council, composed of landlords, fought and evaded, however, attempts at reform, and the country squires and rich burghers, along with the governing classes, sympathized with the enclosers. There were, consequently, many expressions of popular discontent in the sixteenth century.

Himself a commoner, it is not at all unlikely that Shakspere was aware of the plight of the people and that he heard at first hand the rumblings of discontent in his native Warwickshire. Though the dramatist holds no brief in his plays for the lower classes and though he does not formally present the class struggle between the people and the aristocracy, except in the one play, *Coriolanus,* he does indicate in a not inconsiderable number of plays that he is aware of the potential power of the people; and in these plays fear of the people becomes a minor motivation of character and of plot.

The mildest aspect of this motive occurs in the form of jealousy of the people's bestowal of their affections and, by implication, fear of their power. Two of the personages in *As You Like It* are so motivated. Oliver, plotting against Orlando, remarks that his younger brother is "so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people" that he himself is "altogether misprised." (I, i, 174-77). Duke Frederick, usurper of the Old Duke's dominions, takes displeasure, according to Le Beau, on his gentle niece Rosalind for no other reason

> But that the people praise her for her virtues,
> And pity her for her good father's sake. (I, ii, 292-3)

When Celia defends Rosalind against her father's charge of treason, Duke Frederick chides her thus:

> She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
> Her very silence and her patience
> Speak to the people and they pity her. (I, iii, 79-81.

This motivation is intensified in *Richard II, 2 Henry IV,* and *Hamlet.* Here two of Shakspere's kings fear their rivals' popularity with the people. Richard II accuses Henry Bolingbroke of courting the favor of the common herd, and this fear of what Bolingbroke might become with the support of the people motivates, at least partially, his desire to banish him. Richard says:

> Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
> Ovserv'd his courtship of the common people.
> How he did seem to dive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy,
> What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
> Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
> And patient underbearing of his fortune,
> As 'twere to banish their affects with him. (I, iv, 23-30).

Elsewhere in the play the Duke of York, as well as Bushy, Bagot, and Green, fears that the commons will revolt on Hereford's side (II, ii, 88-9; 128-131). The remarks of the Archbishop of York in *2 Henry IV* reinforce the above ideas; the commonwealth is sick of its choice of king, he says, and the "fond many," the "common dog" which would have Bolingbroke for king is now ready to vomit him out again (I, iii, 87-108). The implication of the Archbishop's remarks is significant; the people have *chosen* Bolingbroke

king, and now, surfeited with him, are ready to *unmake* him. It is not only the nobles, to the Archbishop's mind, who make and unmake sovereigns, but the people also, and their power is consequently both to be courted and feared.

The remarks of the King in *Hamlet* when he decides to do away with his nephew, who has just slain Polonius, are reminiscent of Richard's speech concerning Bolingbroke. Claudius cannot "put the strong law" on Hamlet because the prince is "loved of the distracted multitude" (IV, ii, 3-5). He is constrained, consequently, by his fear of the people to accomplish his design by policy. In a conversation with Laertes, Claudius makes clear that his motivation in not bringing Hamlet to trial is fear of the people's wrath:

> The other motive
> Why to a public count I might not go,
> Is the great love the general gender bear him;
> Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
> Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
> Convert his gyves to graces; . . . (IV, vii, 16-21).

A parallel occurs in *The Tempest* when Prospero explains to Miranda how they came to the island. When he tells the girl that his brother Antonio, aided by the King of Naples, has usurped his dukedom, Miranda asks: "Why did they not destroy us?" Prospero answers:

> Dear, they durst not,
> So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
> A mark so bloody on the business, ... (I, ii, 140-2).

That the ruling classes have reason to fear the power and the wrath of the people is illustrated by the statement of the Archbishop of York, previously mentioned, that Bolingbroke has been the choice of the people and that now, dissatisfied with him, they wish they had Richard back again. It is further exemplified by the riot which Laertes leads into the King's chamber to avenge the death of his father.

> The rabble call him lord;
> And, as the world were now but to begin,
> Antiquity forgot, custom not known,—
> (The ratifiers and props of every word)—
> They cry 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!' (IV, v, 102-8).

Shakspere recognizes the fact that the people, sufficiently

goaded or efficiently led, may break out of bounds and overthrow the established order of things.

In *Julius Caesar* the people do break out of bounds, and their power, together with the consequences of their wrath, constitutes a more important motivation of plot than in the plays hitherto cited. Cassius and Brutus despite the "rabblement," with "their sweaty night-caps and stinking breath," but that they are aware of the power of the plebs is evidenced by their fear that the common herd will force the kingship upon Caesar, for Caesar "sits high in all the people's hearts." Antony, realizing the incipient might of the aroused masses, makes his appeal directly to them, and at the conclusion of his speech they all cry:

> Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
> Slay! Let not a traitor live! (III, ii, 208-9).

But the power of the people and the effects of their wrath are most plainly manifest in *Coriolanus* in the contest between patricians and plebeians, and here they are even more important in the motivation of the plot. There is hate of the aristocrats on the part of the people, and fear of the mob on the part of the patricians. The play opens with a company of mutinous citizens armed with staves, clubs, and other weapons; one of them demands the death of Caius Marcius, "chief enemy to the people" and "a very dog to the commonalty." The class struggle is vividly expressed by the second citizen:

> Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er cared for us yet; suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us. (I, i, 81-9).

The parallel between the conditions described here and those of Shakspere's own England is so close that it is evident that the dramatist could not have been unaware of the plight of the peasants in his own times and of the status of the poor.

It is true that Caius Marcius himself does not fear the people, and in his contempt for the "dissentious rogues, hares, geese," he makes his fatal error. Had he properly feared the people and courted them he would not have made

his tragic blunder. Instead, he is hated by the mutinous commons, and it is his very lack of fear, which a less proud and a more politic man would have possessed, that ruins him. The people use their power to defeat him for the consulship on the grounds that he "loves not the common people." Here is illustrated the fatal excess of the aristocratic temper in its contempt for the "mutable, rank-scented many."

But Coriolanus does come to recognize the fact that fear of the people is a force in public life, for he says that the multitude will interpret the senate's action in yielding to them thus:

> 'We did request it;
> We are the greater poll, and in true fear
> They gave us our demands.' (III, i, 133-35).

The wrath of the people banishes Coriolanus from Rome "as enemy to the people and his country"; the people revolt against the senators, the patricians, and the nobles. Finally, Coriolanus realizes, as he confides to Aufidius, that the "cruelty and envy of the people" are not forces to be despised."

It is perhaps evident, then, that Shakspere, while making no brief for democracy and advancing no formal defence of the common people, was aware, at least, that the people are a power to be reckoned with in public life and that the politic ruler, like Bolingbroke, courts their favor or, like Claudius, avoids giving them open offence. When the people are disregarded, flouted, scorned, they are liable to break bounds, overthrow authority and tradition, and revolt. Indeed, the half century after Shakspere was to witness the full effects of their wrath.

University of Oregon.

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[1]Froissart thus reports Ball's preaching to the people: "My good friends, matters cannot go on well in England until all things shall be in common; when there shall be neither vassals nor lords; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill they behave to us! for what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? And what can they show, or what reason can they give, why they should be more masters than ourselves? They are clothed in velvet and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothing. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, while we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and when we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, while we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field; and it is by our labor they have wherewith to support their pomp . . . ." (The Everyman edition, pp. 207f.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

By THOMSON KING

(A paper read at a meeting of the Shakespeare Society of Baltimore, Md., in February, 1940.)

THE play we have chosen for our present reading and discussion has been the subject of endless research, argument and speculation, both as to the time of its production and its authorship. Competent authorities can be found who advocate many different years from 1593 to 1606 as the date of first production. Each has written many pages to prove his date correct and all others wrong; 1593 and 1597 seem to me to have the best claims.

Opinions as to authorship range from the theory that Shakspere wrote it all, to the more probable and better supported belief that only about a third of the text is his work. In this matter opinion rests mainly upon the internal evidence based upon analysis of the writing and versification. External evidence is exceedingly meagre.

W. J. Craig, the editor of the Oxford edition, gives the Shaksperian parts of the play as follows:

Introduction.
Act II, Scene 1, lines 168 to 317.
Act III, Scene 2, lines 1-123 and 149-238.
Act IV, Scenes 1, 3, & 5.
Act V, Scene 2, lines 1-181.

All commentators agree that the play as we know it was created by rewriting an earlier work, *The Pleasant Conceited Historie of The Taming of a Shrew,* which we know was played by the Earl of Pembroke's Men and also the Lord Admiral's company before or during 1594. This play was written not later than 1589, some think, by Kyd. Frey thinks Shakspere himself wrote it and later revised his own play into the form we know. This is a theory which appears to me rather fantastic. Even allowing for Shak-

spere's inexperience and immaturity, I do not feel that the earlier play can have been his work.

It is certain that *The Taming of a Shrew* was popular and started a chain of plays upon the same subject. In addition to *The Shrew* we find *Medicine for a Curst Wife* (1602), by Dekker, *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1603) and the *Woman's Prize or the Tamer Tamed,* a sequel to *The Shrew,* in which Petruchio is subdued by his second wife. In 1594, we find the comment, "Read the book *'Taming of a Shrew'* which hath made a number of us so perfect that now everyone can rule a shrew in our country save he that hath her." Which no doubt is a piece of philosophy good for all time.

The best authorities think that parts written by Shakspere show mature but hasty workmanship, and I think we may accept this as well proved.

Having read what many learned men have said as to the origin of the play, and finding that they do not at all agree, I have decided to tell you myself exactly how, when, and why it came to be written. I am enabled to do this because I have not made a profound study of the disputed subject and am not burdened with a wide or minute knowledge of the men or times concerned; I am, therefore, not troubled by those limitations and inhibitions that are imposed by real scholarship and abundant knowledge.

To suit the form of my exposition to its subject, I have cast my narrative in the form of a play. I shall now read a play introducing an introduction, which introduces a play.

"An Introduction to Introduce an Introduction. Being a Quaint Conceit Regarding the Genesis of the Taming of the Shrew"

Dramatis Personae

(In order of their appearance)

PHILIP HENSLOWE . . . . Manager of the Lord Chamberlain's Players
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE . . . . A play writer and actor in the company
RICHARD BURBAGE . . . . . Principal Actor of the company

Place: Henslowe's room in a lodging house in London.
Time: Late afternoon of a cold Thursday in 1593 or thereabouts.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: The playhouses of London were ordered closed for long periods because of the prevalence of the Plague several times from 1592 to 1595 inclusive.]

Act I, Scene 1. Henslowe discovered sitting on a stool in a poorly furnished room. A knock on the door.

Henslowe: Come in!

Enter Shakspere.

Shakspere:

Good morrow, Phil; and yet why speak I so?
Such greeting is as empty as my purse.
It cannot be good morrow or good day
When famine stalks beside us as we walk.
For full six months play-houses have been closed.
The plague is gone, but still our doors are shut.
Think you that I or others of our trade
Can live on air, or keep us hale and warm
By thinking of the spring when biting frost
And envious winds do pierce our sorry patched
doublets through?
I have been hungry for a month and now
I am half frozen. At eventide I sit
And shiver in the darkness; candles are
Too dear for this poor player reft of work.
My cloak is sold, my sword's in pawn.
My very reputation I would give
To have in hand one decent cup of sack;
For one well roasted joint of juicy beef
I'd mortgage all my future and my name.
Of all curst trades the player has the sorriest and
the worst.

Henslowe:

Why question me? Can I control the plague?
Can I create you joints of juicy beef?
Or bring forth sack by smiting on a rock,
Like Hebrew Moses in the wilderness?
I too am hungry, thirsty, famished, spent.
My debts are greater and my troubles more than yours
For I am older and my wife is here,
She also needs must eat and keep her warm.

Shakspere:

London be damned to everlasting Hell!
I'll shake its dust forever from my feet!
To Stratford I will go, for there at least
A man may eat and ply a thrifty trade.
With plays and poesy I am quite fordone.
What profit in invention if I starve?
What boots applause, if baliffs hound my steps?

[*A knock at the door. Enter Burbage in haste, obviously excited.*]

Burbage:

How now, good Phil—and Will! for, by my faith,
You both could Cassius play, so lean and hungry
Are your fretful looks: But list to me
For I have news will brush your draggled feathers
smooth
And stir your hearts to noble emulation.

Shakspere:

Well, tell your news! Why halt upon a syllable?
If news you have, come with it to the point,
Nor draw it out into a winter's tale.

Burbage:

My news is better than your greeting, Will.
I come from court, and there I had it absolute.
The ban is lifted, and play-houses all
May ope their doors, and players play
Come Thursday next, one short week from today.

Henslowe:

Why, boy! Your news has made me young again.
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer, as our Will would say.
Our purses are as light as vagrant air,
Our debts as heavy as a bag of lead;
But one good play will make all right again.

Burbage:

What shall we play? We have but one short week.
And starving men must needs make hungry haste
When Fortune sets her golden door ajar.

Henslowe:

Perhaps a history,—we know them well;
But no. The gentles and the groundlings both
Are tired of histories. Nor is it time
For tragedy; sickness and death of late
Have too much mourning made in London town.
A gamesome, merry show we must put on
To make our patrons laugh and hold their sides,—
And so we draw them flocking to our doors.

Shakspere:

You reason well, and I am for it.
A comedy, or, better still, a farce
Will split their sides and make their purses gape.

Henslowe:

You ever call the turn; but what good farce
Is there that we can put upon the boards?
Just one short week of grace is all we have.
You have not time to write us such a thing,
Nor we to learn it or perfect our parts.

Shakspere:

It must be something that is now extant.
The lesser sort who crowd our reeking pit
Will like it all the better if there be
Some recollection in the play they see.

Henslowe:

I mind me of the *Taming of a Shrew,*
Played several years ago and well received.
Our company do know it well, and it
May serve our turn until our fruitful Will
Can put his Falstaff in a comedy.

Shakspere:

A boisterous farce that wants for art—but still,
I have a prompt-book of it in my room.
Methinks it is not farce enough for me.
Some weakness in the parts foils its effect,
But that may be amended by my hand,
And I full well could do it in a night:
New scenes, new names, and as for the principals
A dialogue that fast and furious flows,
Not wasting words, but apt and to the point.
The introduction also must be new.
The fool who wrote it blundered badly there.
Nicholas Cates a pretty shrew will make.
Phil here a portly father well can play.
You, Dic, methinks should play the tamer's part.
And this must all be written new and strong.
We'll have a play will make the Admirals green
And Marlowe wish he could conceive a farce.

Henslowe:

The Shrew's the thing, but you must write in haste;
While I must scurry forth and seek to find
Some credit for the furnishing of the play.
If we lack decent costumes well I fear
We will be pelted from the boards; and how
Can I a fat and jovial father be,
If back and belly cleave for want of food?

Shakspere:

Six pence to buy me supper I had saved;
And now for candles I will spend it all.
And write such parts as need improvement most.
I'll finish it before the night is done,
So our slow players may begin to learn.
A week we'll fast, while many things we lack
Until *The Shrew* can bring us beef and sack.

Curtain.

The play is the only one of Shakspere's which has an introduction, although this device was often made use of by his contemporaries.

The idea of making sport of someone by making him think he is in much happier circumstances is certainly not original. The first instance of it I can recall is the story of Abou Hassan in the *Arabian Nights.* The caliph Haroun Alraschid, while wandering disguised in Bagdad, heard Abou wish he might be caliph for one day. He had him drugged and made him believe himself a caliph. Then there is the story of the Old Man of the Mountain who stupified young men with hashish and introduced them into his gardens where they enjoyed so many pleasures that they believed that they had been in paradise and were ready to serve him in the hope of another taste of such enjoyment. The Sly episode is another variation of an old theme but it is well done and contains a full share of real comedy.

The play itself has a dual plot. The Petruchio-Katharina motive dominates the whole, but the fortunes of the gentle Bianca are interwoven with varying success. The first is pure slapstick farce and is played as such. Mr. M. R. Ridley says of the Bianca comedy: "It is less artificial than the 'Comedy of Errors'." Shakspere seems to have been feeling his way toward a type of comedy which is to be indeed a comedy of situation, but also a comedy of human beings, not of mere marionettes in the situation. All that part of the play is experimental. There is not a situation in it that he did not handle more effectively later, not a type of character that he did not delineate more firmly or more delicately. But the Petruchio-Katharina is of its own kind, hardly to be bettered. It is obvious enough, even crude, but it was never meant to be anything else. It is not a conflict of wits, but of wills and personalities, so much over-simplified that it passes from comedy to farce."

This play reminds me of *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* It is pure comedy and farce. There are no serious comments on life or manners. There is no melancholy Jacques as in *As You Like It,* no wise Prospero, no gentle Portia.

It is a play of rapid action and furious repartee with two real characters. The rest are stock figures who simply provide the complications of plot and situations. In it we begin to see the astonishing compression of metaphor which is one of the marks of Shakspere's later manner and gives it much of its richness as well as its difficulty. The fascinating question of how much is really Shakspere will probably provide a subject for debate for centuries to come.

Baltimore, Md.

TENNYSON'S *MAUD* AND SHAKSPERE

By THOMAS P. HARRISON, JR.

Hallam Tennyson[1] thus records his father's description of *Maud:*

> This poem is a little *Hamlet,* . . . the history of a morbid poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egotist with the makings of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depth of misery, driven into madness by the loss of her whom he has loved, and when he has at length passed through the fiery furnace, and has recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind through the unselfishness born of his great passion.

Careful reading of Tennyson's poem partly bears out this acknowledgment, yet analogies with Shakspere's *Hamlet* seem to be confined to the earlier sections of Part I. The similarity may be summarized as follows. Each hero first appears as excessively melancholy and inclined to cynical reflections. The fathers of both have met death under strange and doubtful circumstances. Both sons suspect treachery; both witness the succession of men who are ignoble exponents of a corrupt society. Finally, both Hamlet and Tennyson's unnamed hero, resisting the impulse to suicide, seek desperately to discover a way of action. Analogies pertain chiefly to the hero's mental habits, his morbid reactions to the world about him. They hardly touch what Tennyson regarded as the major interest of the poem, namely, the love story and the youth's actual madness occasioned by the loss of Maud. For hints in the management of these motives it seems that Tennyson resorted to two other plays—*Romeo and Juliet* and *King Lear.*

The erotic theme in Tennyson commences with Part I, section 5; the preceding section marks the termination of the *Hamlet* motif. Like Romeo beneath Juliet's balcony, Maud's lover listens adoringly to the voice of his mistress,

> singing an air that is known to me,
> A passionate ballad gallant and gay.

Section 6 introduces Maud's brother, the Tybalt of the

poem, the chief addition being the copious abuse heaped upon him by Tennyson's hero. In the play, it is Mercutio who exercises this privilege; the insolence of both Tybalt and the brother is the chief mark for contempt. More of the Victorian Tybalt later. Turning to thoughts of Maud, the hero speaks a borrowed eloquence:

> When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand,
> Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
> And the sunlight broke from her lips . . .

One critic[2] has compared Tennyson's phrase with Romeo's "the white wonder of Juliet's hand" (III, iii, 36). In an earlier scene, too, Romeo dwells upon the celestial brightness of Juliet (II, ii, 23-25):

> See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
> O that I were a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek!

Both play and poem abound in this erotic conceit; to some extent, it appears, Tennyson thus echoes the lyric pronouncements of Romeo.

Then also Tennyson falls into the Shaksperian manner of dramatic foreshadowing in *Romeo and Juliet*. This is Tennyson (section 11):

> O let the solid ground
> Not fail beneath my feet
> Before my life has found
> What some have found so sweet;
> Then let come what come may![3]
> What matter if I go mad?
> I shall have had my day.

The same ironical sentiment appears in Romeo's solemn rejoinder to Friar Lawrence (II, vi, i, 3-8):

> Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
> It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy
> That one short minute gives me in her sight.
> Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
> Then love-devouring death do what he dare—
> It is enough I may but call her mine.

Section 13 interrupts the erotic motif with the reappearance of the hated brother "curving a contumelious lip," as Shak-

spere's Tybalt promises that Romeo's intrusion shall, "Now seeming sweet, convert to bitt'rest gall" (I, v, 94). Foreshadowing is heightened as Tennyson's hero likens the death-white curtain of sleep to death (section 14). The figure continues in his midnight reflections (section 18):

> But now by this my love has closed her sight
> And given false death her hand . . .
> Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe.

This, of course, suggests Romeo's address to Juliet in the tomb (V, iii, 102-105):

> Shall I believe
> That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
> And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
> Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

So much, then, by way of comparing the two love-sick youths who, about to be thwarted by the feud, are haunted by a sense of impending calamity.

The final comparison with *Romeo and Juliet* has to do with plot. Capulets and Montagues correspond to the two families from whose fatal loins Tennyson's star-cross'd lovers take their life. In section 19 Tennyson describes

> the feud
> The household Fury sprinkled with blood
> By which our houses are torn.

Betrothed in her infancy before the quarrel, Maud breathes a prayer "to be friends, to be reconciled." Cousin of the heroine in Shakspere, brother in Tennyson, each is the principal instrument of tragedy. Maud's brother discovers her growing intimacy with the enemy:

> And at last, when each came home,
> He had darken'd into a frown,
> Chid her, and forbid her to speak
> To me . . .
> yet I know
> He has plotted against me in this,
> That he plots against me still.

The correspondence with Shakspere's Tybalt at this point has been noted. Next, both heroes determine to bury the

hatchet for the sake of the beloved. Romeo's kindly words to Tybalt, who provokes the duel (III, i, 65 ff.), coincide with those of Tennyson's lover:

> So now I have sworn to bury
> All this dead body of hate.

Previously on the occasion of a meeting (section 13):

> I long'd so heartily then and there
> To give him the grasp of fellowship.

Then falls the tragedy which results in the flight of the two heroes: Tybalt dies at the hands of Romeo in the street duel, Maud's brother similarly provokes the fatal quarrel when he comes upon the two lovers after the dance. To the dance in each piece, it may be added, the hero comes uninvited and is surprised by the man who, having insulted the hero, dies at his hands. Finally, both heroes escape, Romeo to Mantua, Maud's lover to Brittany.

Tennyson is not explicit about the fate of Maud; the hero believes her dead. As the brother breathes his forgiveness (Part II, section 1):

> Then glided out of the joyous wood
> The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
> And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
> A cry for a brother's blood:
> It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die,
> till I die.

It will be recalled that Romeo's attempt upon his own life was induced by the belief that Juliet had forsaken him (III, iii, 94-96):

> Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
> Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
> With blood remov'd but little from her own?

and the nurse confirms his fears.

In his conversation with Hallam, it will be recalled, Tennyson laid special emphasis upon the theme of madness. His aims in *Maud* are even more directly hinted in a further remark for which W. J. Rolfe is authority. In reading *Maud,* Tennyson "incidentally made a remark or two in

disparagement of Shakespeare's delineations of insanity. The gist of the criticism was that the talk of the dramatist's crazy people was of too random a character, lacking the 'method' which professional observers detect in madness—the connection, by disordered association of ideas that to ordinary folk appear disconnected."[4] Echoes of *King Lear* should better enable those in doubt to judge whether, according to his professed aim, England's laureate has achieved more method in his madness.

Part II of *Maud* is laid in Brittany where the distraught lover broods over the tragedy which soon leads to madness. As the figure of Maud moves before his eyes, he exorcises the fancy by recognizing its unreality (Part II, section 2):

> Am I to be overawed
> By what I cannot but know
> Is a juggle born of the brain?

"So Macbeth of the dagger," notes Collins;[5] "one of the tests of 'sanity,' as distinguished from 'insanity,' is the consciousness that hallucination is hallucination." In the ensuing stanzas Tennyson himself explains that "the hero felt himself going mad." Shakspere's Lear is briefly mentioned by another critic, Elizabeth Wordsworth,[6] not with reference to the king's sense of impending madness—an apt illustration enough—but to the hallucination in which the hero imagines himself dead (section 5). She describes the hero of *Maud* as possessing "that morbid feeling closely related to insanity, which jumbles up the sensations of the living with the circumstances peculiar to death." With the invective in Tennyson Lear's incoherent lines (IV, vi, 152 ff.) are compared "for a somewhat similar frame of mind." True, the cynicism which Lear directs against woman, the lawyer, the politician, reappear in dilution throughout the Tennyson passages in which the hero describes his dead companions under the soil (section 5). But the stanzas immediately following even more directly suggest the later scene in Shakspere which details Lear's awakening and his confused recognition of Cordelia. The sobbing of one of Tennyson's subterranean group replaces Lear's poignant inquiry of Cordelia (IV, vii, 71),

> Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.

Then Tennyson's hero, his "bones shaken with pain," imagines that Maud stands silent beside him:

> Tell him now: she is standing here at my head . . .
> She is not of *us,* as I divine;
> She comes from another stiller world of the dead . . .
> Yet now I could even weep to think of it;
> O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
> Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough, . . .
> Maybe still I am but half-dead;
> Then I cannot be wholly dumb;
> I will cry to the steps above my head, . . .

This differs from Shakspere chiefly in that Lear believes that he has been removed from the grave (IV, vii, 45 ff.):

> You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
> Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
> Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
> Do scald like molten lead. . . .
> I am mightily abused; I should e'en die with pity
> To see another thus. I know not what to say.
> I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see.
> I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
> Of my condition!

Lear's regeneration is complete as at last he is reunited with the daughter to whom he owes his spiritual salvation; the long day's task is done and he must sleep. The lover of Maud, awaking "to the better mind," finds peace in the poet's own mild optimism

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[1]*Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son* (London, 1897), I, 396.

[2]Elizabeth Wordsworth, *Maud and other Poems* (London, 1899), p. 22. *Cf.* also J. Churton Collins (*In Memoriam, The Princess,* and *Maud,* London, 1902, p. 323), who compares Juliet's well-known observation about the rose (II, ii, 43-44) with Tennyson's lines about the sea shell (II, 2):

> Let him name it who can,
> The beauty would be the same.

[3]Collins, *ibid.,* p. 303, compares Macbeth, I, iii, 146,

> Come what come may.

[4]*Poetic and Dramatic Works* (Cambr. ed., Boston, 1898), p. 835.

[5]*Op. cit.,* p. 324.

[6]*Op. cit.,* p. 74. A line of obvious paraphrase, noted by W. C. DeVane (*Selections from Tennyson,* New York, 1940, p. 453), points also to this scene. Tennyson (11, 5):

> Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
> And curse me the British vermin, the rat; . . .
> Arsenic, arsenic, sure would do it.

Lear suggests the more usual prescription (IV, vi, 88),

> Peace, peace: this piece of toasted cheese will do't.

SHAKSPERE'S PLACE IN WALT WHITMAN'S AMERICA

By ROBERT P. FALK

I.

IF you drive out through the open farmland past the little village of West Hills, Long Island, you pass the unpretentious Quaker farmhouse where Walt Whitman was born in 1819. Standing apart under a grove of trees, the house still appears in the rural setting which he knew as a boy. As the birthplace of the poet who more than any other American may be said to have typified democracy, one cannot help making the comparison with the country homesite of the greatest of English poets. Stratford-on-Avon in 1564 must have been much like West Hills in 1819 in its early effects on Shakspere's life. Both were remote country towns limited in their opportunities and bound to give rise to romantic dreams in the imaginations of young boys destined for poetic greatness. Both Stratford and West Hills, too, were not too far beyond the horizon to the glamorous city where fame and opportunity shone like beacons to the restless fancy of the two poets.

Yet despite the apparent similarity of their boyhood surroundings, the passage of two and a half centuries and the distance of an ocean wrought insurmountable differences in the poetry and ideas of Shakspere and Whitman. The social and cultural changes between the Age of Elizabeth in England and mid-nineteenth century America were so profound as to drive many Americans of the time, including Whitman, to doubt seriously the worthwhileness of Shakspere for American purposes. Still, as a poet, Whitman could not help being awed by the vast depth and beauty of Shakspere's plays. It took him a lifetime of honest study and thought to reconcile to himself the gulf which lay between Shakspere's world and his own, but his final opinion was rewarding both to himself and to all literary-minded people today who have pondered the problem of the relation between diverse social and cultural epochs.

There was about the plays of the Elizabethan dramatist, Whitman felt, a spirit nurtured by the society in which he wrote, which was hostile to the purposes of democracy. Shakspere portrayed, he said, the spirit and letter of the feudal world. Once Whitman put down this feeling about the dramas of Shakspere, saying they were "poisonous to the idea of the pride and dignity of the common people, the life-blood of democracy." Here was a disturbing and a rather searching criticism of the English poet whom our professors of literature often love to call *our* poet because he wrote in the English language. If it is true, despite the grand poetry and profound humanity in the plays, that Shakspere was the poet of lords and ladies and their side of life, if the world of Shakspere runs counter to the equilitarian purpose of modern America—then how can we justify the hundreds of libraries of Shaksperiana, the thousands of courses in Shakspere, the "Shakspere groups" in all the ladies' literary clubs throughout America? For, surely, as Whitman believed, literature should not exist alone in the dryasdust atmosphere of the college curriculum, but should express the ideals and purposes and faith of a people.

This fundamental divergence between the social and cultural atmosphere of Old England, mirrored in the plays of Shakspere, and that of democratic America disturbed Whitman, and he thought about it often. It disturbed him because he, like most of us, loved to see and to read the pageantry and rhetoric of *Hamlet, Richard II, Othello* and the others. As a young man in New York during the 1830's and 40's he had haunted The Old Bowery, where the performances of the elder Booth, Edwin Forrest, and Hackett in Shaksperian rôles fascinated him. He loved to "spout" the great declamatory passages while riding on the Broadway stage coaches amidst the din of the street. He would shout stormy passages from *Lear* and *Julius Caesar* while riding on the omnibus, and more than once he amused the passengers on the ferry-boat to Brooklyn with a passionate soliloquy from *Macbeth* or *Hamlet.*

Because of this love of Shakspere, which continually increased with age and wisdom, Whitman constantly sought

for an answer to the fundamental and perplexing question of Shakspere's significance for a society so unlike his own. Must we read him only as an embalmed and mummified museum piece, valuable for his decorative, but not for his inherent qualities? Was there not a deeper bond between the mighty esthetic sceptres of the past for which Shakspere stood and the democratic spirit of the future for which (as he felt) America was destined?

As he read and talked and wrote Whitman achieved an answer to these questions, and the story of his achievement deserves a place in the literary annals of America. For in it rests an answer to those of us who admit we have relegated Shakspere to the scholar's shelf or the bloodless analysis of the schoolroom. Whitman overcame his own scruples about Shakspere's vitality for America so that he could finally say, "If I had not stood before those poems with uncovered head, fully aware of their colossal grandeur and beauty of form and spirit, I could not have written *Leaves of Grass.*" He could at last term those "feudal" compositions of Shakspere "never-to-be-excell'd poetic bequests" to America.

Whitman's conversion to Shakspere was not a simply logical one, but a long and complex development lying deep in his theories of literature and his concept of democracy. And these, in turn, find their roots in some fundamental nineteenth-century doctrines which he absorbed from the period in which he wrote. His views were frequently contradictory and even paradoxical, but over the years one can perceive in Whitman's intellectual life an irresistible tendency to rationalize and explain in the light of his conscious theories of democracy, the instinctive love he had always felt for Shakspere's poetic greatness. There may be discovered four basic factors which record the stages of Whitman's reaction to Shakspere—(1) His Hegelian-evolutionary reading of the universe in which the past contains the seeds of the future; (2) his theory of history by which the Elizabethan Age became the turning point between ancient feudalism and modern democracy; (3) his growing literary conservatism and respect for the cultural past; and finally,

(4) his romantic individualism and the concept of the development of 'great persons' as the crowning justification of the New World democracy.

II.

Whitman was inevitably exposed during his lifetime to that widely-heralded German philosopher, Hegel, whose system of thought he once spoke of as "the undercurrent which fructifies my views of life." The evolutionary-formulas of Hegel were a part of the very air of nineteenth-century thinking, especially the idea of the progress of civilization in which all the conflicts and cross-currents of society were reconciled in a resulting synthesis. Much of this mid-Victorian March of Time may be seen in Whitman's prophetic dreams of the New-World democracy which was gradually evolving out of Old-World error and prejudice. It was a fluid-like universe in which Whitman believed, always in the process of becoming something better, progressing from the past to the future. A really profound reading of past and feudal societies will reveal, he thought, the seeds of the future democratic order of things. America therefore embraced feudalism, "as indeed," he said, "the present is but the legitimate birth of the past, including feudalism."

This idea of a harmoniously expanding world is closely related to Whitman's theory of history. It is apparent from his many remarks on the literatures of the past that he conceived of all literary productions as evolving out of two broad social *milieus,* the feudal and the democratic. With considerable disregard for historical accuracy, he named as "feudal" both the society which bred Homer and that which nurtured Shakspere.

> "The Shaksperean compositions . . . portray (essentially the same as Homer's) the spirit and letter of the feudal world."

The dividing line in history between these two widely divergent social structures Whitman drew, significantly enough, just at the closing decade of the Elizabethan era, the age of Shakspere. In an essay on George Fox and Shakspere he describes the period of the birth of the two men as follows:

> "And how, indeed, beyond all or any, that stormy and perturb'd age! The foundations of the old, the superstitious, the conventionally poetic, the credulous, all breaking—the light of the new, and of science and democracy, definitely beginning—a mad, fierce, almost crazy age!"

It was an epoch "when America, commencing to be explor'd and settled, commenc'd also to be suspected as destined to overthrow the old standards and calculations." It was, for Whitman, the sunset of feudalism, the "last gorgeous effort before the advance of a new day." No wonder Whitman saw the germs of the democratic in Shakspere's plays for all of their incrustrations of the outworn, "the dragon-rancors and stormy feudal splendor of medieval caste."

While it is true that one may not speak of Whitman's intellectual concepts as being either crystal-clear or consistently applied, yet his Hegelian reading of the universe and his theory of history, attitudes perhaps not even consistent in themselves, are clearly behind his steady efforts to discover Shakspere's real "lesson" for America. First, there is the Hegelian belief that, although Shakspere may belong to the feudal past, still that Past is a legitimate and a necessary stepping stone to the Present; it contained the seeds of the Present—hence, in their very opposition to Democracy, Shakspere's plays serve America. Indeed, as Whitman says, "they are of incalculable value as pictures of the past." For in the Hegelian reconciliation of opposites

> "All serves our New World progress, even the bafflers, headwinds, cross-tides. Through many perturbations and squalls, and much backing and filling, the ship, upon the whole, makes unmistakably for her destination. Shakspere has served, and serves, may-be, the best of any."

But as though this rather obtuse way of discovering Shakspere's real value were not enough, Whitman develops another theory, fantastic, at first glance, to the modern scholar with his historical attitude. By applying his conception of the Elizabethan Age as the turning point in history between the feudal and the democratic societies, he fancies Shakspere's plays as an infinitely subtle satire upon the ideals of feudalism and a delicate anticipation of the dawning

epoch of democracy. This speculation is cautiously, but none the less faithfully, given expression in Whitman's essay, "What Lurks Behind Shakspere's Historical Plays?"

Following the suggestion of his friend, the ardent Baconian, William O'Connor, Whitman here discovers an "essentially controling plan" behind those most significant of Shakspere's plays—the histories. In a rhetorical question, the answer to which he clearly implies, Whitman asks:

> "Will it not indeed be strange if the author of *Othello* and *Hamlet* is destin'd to live in America, in a generation or two, less as the cunning draughtsman of the passions, and more as putting on record the first full exposé—and by far the most vivid one, immeasurably ahead of doctrinaires and economists—of the political theory and results, or the reason why and necessity for them which America has come on earth to abnegate and replace?"

Even the episodes of Jack Cade and Joan of Arc, the most obvious examples of Shakspere's lack of sympathy with the common people—even these may have been written by Shakspere to ward off suspicion on the part of the court audiences of his subversive ideas. And this interpretation of the plays, Whitman concludes, a future age of criticism, "diving deeper," may draw; it may discover in Shakspere "the scientific inauguration of modern democracy."

The application of this complex theory to Shakspere was no doubt a part of Whitman's effort to justify his own fondness for the purple page, for the rich pageantry and rhetoric of the historical plays. But it was more than an elaborate rationalization, too. It was founded squarely on his own consciously achieved theories of history and the past. It was a part of a lifelong effort on Whitman's part to find for Shakspere a clear place in his America. Thus, the acceptance of Shakspere for America became an integral part of Whitman's widening literary horizons and his gradually growing conservatism as regards the literary past and the function of tradition in the New Democracy.

III.

Mr. Norman Foerster in his study of Whitman's critical theory has emphasized strongly, while recognizing the

poet's growing dependence upon the past as he matured, the attack on Europe's outworn culture as set forth most clearly in the Preface to the 1855 edition of the *Leaves of Grass*. It is not the present purpose to revise the accepted views of Whitman as a poet of democracy and the future, he who glorified the present at some expense to the past. Still it will be pertinent to point out that Whitman could speak with great respect for the literature of the past, especially that of Homer, the Greek dramatists, the Bible, and Shakspere. Let us see him for the moment as a reader, an acceptor of the old, rather than as a creator of the new. "I stand with (not their slave) admiration and boundless awe before all the growths of the Past, of men in all ages, all lands . . .," he wrote as early as 1850. And again: "I do not condemn either the Past or the Present. Shall I denounce my own ancestry—the very ground under my feet? that has been so long building."

The early Preface of the *Leaves* itself by no means urges a radical disregard of tradition, and a candid reader must recognize that Whitman never means to reject the literary forerunners of America, but rather to absorb the best of the Old into the New. "America does not repel the past," are the opening words of the Preface, "or what the past has produced under its forms . . . accepts the lesson with calmness . . ." Whereas, indeed, Whitman maintained that the duty of the American bard involves a dependence upon science and democracy and finds expression through his own unique individuality, he yet could assert that "Past and present and future are not disjoin'd but join'd." "The greatest poet forms the consistence of what is to be, from what has been and is. He drags the dead out of their coffins and stands them again on their feet. He says to the past, Rise and walk before me that I may realize you." If Whitman could write thus in 1855 when his spirit of revolt and his dedication to originality were perhaps most keenly felt, he came, in his later work, to regard the tradition of literature as more and more essential to the American poet. "He discovered," in the words of one critic, "that he must anchor himself firmly to the past if he was not to lose his balance in reaching towards the future." Writing, in his

maturity, of poetry's future in America, Whitman admitted that "years ago" he had "thought Americans ought to strike out separately, and have expressions of their own in highest literature."

> "I think so still, [he goes on] and more decidedly than ever. But those convictions are now strongly temper'd by some additional points . . . . I see that this world of the West, as part of all, fuses inseparably with the East . . . . If we are not to hospitably receive and complete the inaugurations of the old civilizations, and change their small scale to the largest, broadest scale, what on earth are we for?"

And in his essay "A Backward Glance O'er Travel'd Roads" he reached the conclusion that America is not set apart from the past, but "fully and fairly construed is the legitimate result and evolutionary outcome of the past." Furthermore he asserted that "the New World receives with joy the poems of the antique with European feudalism's rich fund of epics, plays, ballads . . . holds them indeed as indispensable studies, influences, records, comparisons."

Since Shakspere so often stands for Whitman as the epitome of feudal literature, most of these remarks on the past may be transferred to the Elizabethan bard whose works Whitman once claimed to have an "indescribable preciousness as heirlooms for America."

> "He seems to me of astral genius, first class, entirely fit for feudalism. His contributions, especially to the literature of the passions, are immense, forever dear to humanity—and his name is always to be reverenced in America."

Throughout all of Whitman's comments on Shakspere there is apparent a dual criterion of judgment—an absolute and an historical standard. He recognizes Shakspere's shortcomings as a poet for the future of democracy; yet he will not allow that absolute judgment to blind him to the historical truth that Shakspere, who "belongs essentially to the buried past," holds "the proud distinction for certain important phases of that great past, of being the loftiest of the singers life has yet given voice to." And he was capable, even in his comparatively early years, of historical judgment of Shakspere quite divorced from any considerations of his ultimate value to America or democracy.

> "Shakspere composed altogether for the court and for the young nobility and gentry . . . . Yet is no poet dear to a people unless he be of them and of the spirit of them, a growth of the soil, the water, the climate, the age, the Government, the religion, the leading characteristics, a height and individuality for his own nation and days and not for other nations."

There were times, however, as we have already seen—and those not infrequently—when Whitman drops this bifurcated attitude, this praising of Shakspere as a poet for his own day and condemning him as a poet for America and the future. At these times he was spurred by Shakspere's greatness to discover direct lessons for democracy in the plays and sonnets. While his Hegelian reading of history enabled him to find the germs of democracy in history plays, and his growing appreciation of the place of literary tradition in American poetry softened his accusations of feudalism in Shakspere, there was yet another vitally important concept in Whitman's *Weltanschauung* which brought him to a still stronger realization that Shakspere had much to teach America. This was his theory of 'great persons.'

IV.

In Whitman's definition of American culture, as critics have pointed out, there are two polar considerations—that of the divine average and that of the highly developed individual.

> "For to democracy, the leveler, the unyielding principle of the average, is surely joined another principle, equally unyielding, closely tracking the first, indispensable to it, opposite . . . . This second principle is individuality, the pride and centripetal isolation of a human being in himself—identity—personalism."

"Of the two elements or sexes of the democratic idea, the average and the individual, it is clear that the former is preparatory and the latter is final," says one critic. A "rich, luxuriant, varied personalism" was for Whitman the ultimate object of civilization. All tends toward that, all culminates in the field of persons. Furthermore, and ironically enough, it was this "copious production of perfect characters" which has been the most characteristic aspect of the European ideal of the past. And, although in the

feudal society the principle of individuality was not yoked to its complementary principle of the exaltation of the common and the average, none the less, in its strong point —the fruition of great persons—feudalism has vast lessons for democracy. "Accordingly," says Whitman, "in this field have the great poets and literatuses signally toil'd. They too, in all ages, all lands, have been creators, fashioning, making types of men and women . . . ."

Among these great 'literatuses' Shakspere took a significant place as "the poet of great personalities." *Hamlet, Richard the Second, Lear,* and *Marc Antony* are "a few samples of the countless product, bequeath'd to the moderns, bequeath'd to America . . . . These, I say, are models, combines, adjusted to other standards than America's, but of priceless value to her and hers." Comparing Robert Burns and Shakspere, Whitman writes: "But the splendid personalizations of Shakspere, formulated on the largest, freest, most heroic, most artistic mould, are to me far dearer as lessons, and more precious even as models for Democracy, than the humdrum samples Burns presents." Thus Whitman rates individuality, as expressed in the great feudal characters of Shakspere, above the spirit of democracy which underlies the poems of Burns. And in "A Backward Glance" the poet of democracy thus explains himself.

> "I have allow'd the stress of my poems from beginning to end to bear upon American individuality and assist it—not only because that is a great lesson in Nature, amid all her generalizing laws, but as a counterpoise to the leveling tendencies of Democracy."

Othello, Romeo, Hamlet, Lear are as real to Whitman "as any lords of England or Europe"—even more real than Shakspere himself. Since "politics, literature, and everything else, centers at last in perfect *personnel* (as democracy is to find the same as the rest)," America may well look to the feudalism of the British Isles, as illustrated by Shakspere, which "could outcrop types of tallest, noblest personal character yet—strength and devotion and love better than elsewhere—invincible courage, generosity, aspiration, the spines of all." "Here is where Shakspere . . . performs a service incalculably precious to our America."

Thus, to his evolutionary theory of history, his concept of the Age of Shakspere as the germination-period for democracy, and his literary conservatism, involving an historical judgment of Shakspere's worth—views scarcely consistent with one another and yet all a part of Whitman's rather loose ideology—the American poet adds this final and significant bulwark of his social philosophy, the concept of great persons, as a convincing argument in his sincere endeavor to bring Shakspere as a vital force into his New World democracy.

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THE SOURCE OF *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*

By JOHN PHELPS

IN *The Art and Life of William Shakespeare* (New York, 1940) Mr. Hazelton Spencer repeats (p. 146) the accepted opinion regarding *Love's Labour's Lost,* that "No source is known for the plot which forms its slender structure." However, in a note (p. 398) he adds: "Though, as Abel Lefranc points out, the framework may have been suggested by a diplomatic mission of Catherine de Medici, Queen Mother of France, to Henry of Navarre at Nérac in 1578". Among the bibliographical references Mr. Spencer cites (p. 450): *Sous le Masque de "William Shakespeare", William Stanley vie Comte de Derby* (Paris, 1918-19) by Abel Lefranc, Vol. 2, pp. 17-103, with the comment: "Fantastic in its main thesis, but valuable for its suggestion of the meeting at Nérac as a possible source."

Abel Lefranc supposed (Vol. 2, p. 102) that he was the first to suggest this origin of the plot. He arrived at his conclusion in the course of an elaborate study to prove that William Stanley, the sixth Earl of Derby (1561-1642), was the real author of the plays and poems attributed to Shakspere of Stratford-upon-Avon. He adduces the meeting at Nérac as one of the items of evidence on which he founds his belief; stating that Derby visited Spain, and perhaps Navarre, in 1580 (p. 79), or 1583 (p. 101).

These references reminded me that in 1899 I wrote and published in the *Baltimore News* an article on *Love's Labour's Lost* in which I suggested that the plot was based upon the visit of Catherine de' Medici, her daughter Marguerite de Valois, and the famous "Flying Squadron" of court ladies to Marguerite's estranged husband Henry, King of Navarre, at *Nérac* in *1578-9.* I supposed that I was the first who had made this parallel. I still think so—with the following qualifications:

Referring to the Furness Variorum of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1904), I find a reprint (pp. 346-7) of part of an ar-

ticle by Sidney Lee in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* (October, 1880) in which he suggested that the plot of the play may have been based on a visit of Catherine and the "Flying Squadron" to interview Navarre at *Saint Bris* in *1586.* I had never looked at the Variorum in this connection until very recently (January 4th, 1942) and had never seen or heard of Lee's article. But I was struck with the fact that Lee made no mention whatever of the meeting at Nérac.

On making some investigations into the historical sources of the times[1] I found that Lee had confused two separate and quite different interviews between Catherine and Henry. It was only at Nérac in 1578-9, and not at Saint Bris in 1586, that the bevy of court ladies was present; and only the Nérac incident could possibly have suggested such a plot as that used by Shakspere.

The meeting at Saint Bris was at arms' length, *flagrante bello,* with the object on both sides of finding some way to stop the civil war then raging. Instead of ladies, each side was accompanied by a squadron of cavalry arrayed in readiness as a precaution against treachery. Instead of passages of wit and love, with elaborate entertainments, the parley was confined strictly to the business at hand, and was brief.

Marguerite, who had spent long months with her husband at the Nérac meeting of 1578-9, was not present at the meeting at Saint Bris in 1586. Quite the contrary: Catherine was there to offer Henry of Navarre a divorce from her daughter Marguerite, whose dissolute life had become notorious. This she offered as one inducement for the only concession she asked of Henry, namely to renounce Protestantism and profess the Catholic faith. Another inducement was the offer by her son Henry III[2] to guarantee by appropriate legal enactments the succession of Navarre to the throne of France, the reigning king having abandoned hope of lawful issue because of an incurable disease. Catherine had also arranged with the Duke of Lorraine to offer his daughter Christienne in second marriage to Navarre as the presumptive queen of France. After two adjournments, and upon deliberation, Henry definitely refused to recant. The

parley, "in which nothing was concluded", then broke up, and hostilities were resumed.

Many things had happened since the meeting at Nérac, including the seventh civil war, the so-called "Guerre des Amoureux," which had followed the inconclusive "Peace of Nérad," and took its sobriquet from the gallantry indulged in at that meeting.

I feel quite sure that M. Lefranc in 1919 had no knowledge of my article of 1899 in an American newspaper, then of some 50,000 circulation. He did, however, have before him the Furness Variorum edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* (1904), and remarked (Vol. 2, p. 88, note) that Furness still cites ('cite encor') in relation to the plot an old incident of French history in 1425 as told in the *Chroniques* of Monstrelet. This "citation" by Furness is, however, merely his reprint of parts of Lee's article, beginning at the top of page 346 of the Variorum. M. Lefranc notes (*loc. cit.*) that S. Lee, among others, had seen "que l'explication [of the plot] devait être cherchée ailleurs" [than in the 1425 incident]. M. Lefranc does not, however, mention Lee's account of the meeting at Saint Bris in 1586, which is reprinted just below on the same page (346) of the Variorum, with the suggestion (pp. 346-7) that the plot of the play might have been based on it.

The question who made this suggestion first is only incidental. The fact that three investigators, at widely different times, independently made the suggestion, seemingly approved by Spencer, a fourth, tends to indicate that it is sound. It is therefore important to clear up the historical and exegetical facts at this juncture. In view of the elements of confusion involved, and because, so far as I know, the details of the story of Nérac as bearing on the plot have never appeared elsewhere in English, the Editor of the BULLETIN has kindly consented to reprint my article from a photostat of a copy of the *Baltimore News* of June 24th, 1899, now on file among the archives of the Maryland Historical Society in Baltimore. The article (with a few minor typographical corrections) is as follows:

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST"

Apropos of the recent production of "Love's Labour's Lost" in this city, it may be interesting to note a few facts that serve to throw some light upon the play and explain why this comedy, decidedly neglected by modern readers and actors, was one of the most popular of all the Shakespearean comedies in his lifetime. Its popularity, aside from its literary merit, sprang from its local and historical setting. The broad satire upon the current euphuistic speech is well understood, but its allusions are but imperfectly appreciated.

It is also understood that the names of the principal characters were taken from the civil wars raging in France at the time this play was written, in 1592. The desperate struggle between the Huguenots and the Catholic party had stirred the profoundest sympathy in England on behalf of the Protestants, to whose aid Elizabeth had sent considerable money and troops.

The genial Henry of Navarre, leader of the Huguenots, was a particular favorite with the English, as was also Marshal Biron (or Berone), who was made the hero of several English plays. The Duc de Mayenne, head of the Catholic League, and the Duc de Longueville, Governor of Picardy, were also renowned as generals, though Mayenne (or Dumain) was by no means so friendly with Navarre as represented by Shakespeare.

For the other characters, Armado, probably called after the Spanish Armada of 1588, has been considered a caricature of an erratic Spaniard called the "Fantastical Monarcho" who "haunted" the court of Elizabeth for many years, and was

> "A man in all the world's new fashions planted
> That hath a mint of phrases in his brain..

His volatile page, Moth, was named after M. La Mothe, a vivacious and popular French Ambassador at London before 1583. Holofernes has been thought by some to portray John Florio, an Italian grammarian, though the better opinion is that it is merely a broad caricature of the pedantic scholars of the time. The wooing of the lords in Russian disguise refers to the visit of Russian Ambassadors in 1584, who came to England to find a wife for the Czar.

Commentators, however, have not sufficiently pointed out, I believe, the origin of the meagre plot of "Love's Labour's Lost," and some are still hoping to find the novel from which the plot was borrowed. But Shakespeare needed no novel to suggest the scene. The extravagant vows of the studious King and his lords and the improbable and highly indiscreet diplomatic visit of the French Princess and her ladies, which are the groundwork of the comedy, have their counterpart in history, which was fresh at the time our poet wrote.

The court of the young Henry of Navarre, under the strong and virtuous influence of his Protestant mother, Queen Jane, became the stronghold of the Huguenot leaders. It may be a coincidence that Shakspeare uses words to describe these chieftains, such as "vow-fellows," "competitors in oath" (Act II, Scene 1), which are exact equivalents of the word Huguenot (from Eid-genoss), and the allusion may have been understood at the time.

Catherine de Medici feared openly to oppose the strong power concentrated in the little state and adopted a policy of conciliation and craft. The first step was the marriage of Henry to Catherine's daughter, Margaret of Valois, and to that end he was invited

to the French court. It had been Catherine's avowed policy to weaken the moral and physical stamina of her reigning sons, Francis II., Charles IX. and Henry III., by plunging them into the extremes of vacuity and dissipation. The amiable and fascinating ladies of the court whom she had gathered about her were the not unwilling nor untutored agents of these maternal solicitations. Henry soon lost himself in the relaxation of the vicious court, adopted in a shallow fashion the Catholic mass, and gradually, entangled in Catherine's wiles, became a virtual prisoner. He soon wearied, however, not only of the loathsome atmosphere about him, but also of the forced union with his cousin, and after a stay of three years he seized a favorable moment to escape to the sunny highlands of the Pyrennes and ride at the head of the Huguenot forces against the Catholic League.

In August, 1578, after the Peace of Bergerac, Catherine de Medici, in order to reconvert Henry to her faith and gain important strategic concessions, made use of those arts of diplomacy and intrigue which only women can master. Accompanied by a bevy of her gallant court ladies, who had popularly become known as "L'escadron volant de la Reine Mère," she laid merry siege to the capital at Nerac, ostensibly to reunite Margaret to her husband, but in reality

> "To parley with the sole inheritor
> Of all perfections that a man may owe—
> Matchless Navarre."

Her chief adviser was M. de Pibrac, an eloquent and artful diplomatist, in whom it is not difficult to recognize "the honey-tongued Boyet—an old love-monger who speaks skillfully." Among the ladies Shakespeare places Katherine, daughter of the Duc d'Alençon, and Maria, "the beauteous heir of Falconbridge."

Navarre, who "had notice of their fair approach," was armed in arguments," and determined to yield nothing to his detriment. With him were his cousin, Prince of Condé, the Vicomte of Turenne, Maximilian, Baron of Rosny, M. La Mausse, Governor of Figeac, and not improbably Marshal Biron and the Duc de Longueville. The ladies mimicked, over-zealously perhaps, the Biblical phraseology of the devout Protestants, "all dry-beaten with pure scoff," rehearsing the cant and mocking the sober lords in Cathrine's apartment amid peals of merriment.

We can easily conceive, during the period of 18 months which Catherine and her suite spent on this strange embassage, of the strife of wit and love which took place. Nor does history fail to record the woful fall from grace which Shakespeare so pleasingly portrays in the comedy. For if Catherine was, in her direct negotiations, entirely unsuccessful, the subtle assaults of her "flying squadron" upon the susceptible Navarrese were a succession of brilliant victories. Navarre himself early fell a victim, probably to the charms of Madame de Sauves, who was not unknown to him. Queen Margaret he completely neglected, to the entire satisfaction of that lady, a veteran of many amours, who devoted herself to Turenne, while Conde and Rosny (Duc de Sully) succumbed with little resistance. The villainous intrigue succeeded so far that an old veteran, infatuated by the attentions of one of the artful demoiselles, betrayed the Huguenot stronghold of La Réole into the enemy's hands and exemplified Rosaline's saying, that

> "The blood of youth burns not with such excess
> As gravity's revolt to wantonness."

There can be no doubt that this incident, to which such little attention has been drawn, was used by Shakespeare in his "Love's Labor's Lost." The confusion of names argues nothing. There never was an independent King of Navarre named Ferdinand. The names of Biron, Dumain and Longueville were selected as those most familiar to the English ear. The others are fanciful. The omission of the Queen-mother and the portrayal of Margaret as unmarried were necessary to the romance. This also necessitated a different mission for the embassy, which the poet, with sublime indifference to congruity, fixes as the "surrender up of Aquitain" to her decrepit, sick and bed-rid father—an actual subject of negotiations some 150 years previous.

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[1]*Histoire Universelle* du Sieur d'Aubigné, Paris, 1626. *Histoire des Français,* Simonde de Sismondi, Paris, 1836; Vol. 19, pp. 504, 524. *The Continuation and Conclusion of the Civil Warres of France,* H. C. Dávila, tr., London, 1648; Bk. iv, pp. 475-6 (Nérac); pp. 499, 602, 616 (Saint Bris). *Recueil des Lettres Missives de Henri iv,* Berger de Xivrey, Paris, 1843. *Henri iv. Les lettres d' amour,* Paris, 1932. *Lettres d'Amour de Henri iv,* A. Lescure, Paris, 1886. *Les Amours de Henri iv,* Lescure, Paris, 1864. *Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois* (various editions). *Lettres inédites de Marguerite de Valois,* Philippe Lauzun. *Mémoires de Sully,* Paris, 1788; Vol. 1, pp. 126-8. Also the work of Abel Lefranc above mentioned and works cited therein; including the following which are not accessible to me, and are not in the Library of Congress: *Henry iv en Gascogne,* de Batz-Trenquellon, Paris, 1885. *Itinéraire de Marguerite de Valois en Gascogne,* 1578-1586, Philippe Lauzun, Paris, 1902. *La Reine Margot et la fin des Valois,* C. Merki, Paris, 1905. *La vraie Reine Margot,* Albert Savine, Paris.

[2]Henry III had sent a letter to a confidant at Nérac full of scandal about Navarre's conduct. It was intended to impede the reconciliation of Navarre and his queen. But the letter being divulged and becoming known to the whole party caused no little indignation, and is said to have played its part in bringing on the next civil war. The misdelivery of confidential letters is the basis of much of the action in Shakspere's play.

SPENSERIAN 'COURTESY' AND 'TEMPERANCE' IN *MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING*

By ABBIE FINDLAY POTTS

I

TWO LADIES DISDAIN: BEATRICE AND MIRABELLA.

BENEDICK calls Beatrice 'Lady Disdain'; and Hero alludes to the 'Disdaine and Scorne' which ride sparkling in her eyes. These are the attributes of Spenser's 'Ladie' Mirabella, who also misprized love and her wretched lovers; brought to the bar of Cupid's court and there doomed by him to suffer penaunce, Mirabella must ride through the world upon a mangy tyreling jade

> With these two lewd companions, and no more,
> *Disdaine* and *Scorne*[1]

With Spenser's Lady Disdain Shakspere's Beatrice has much else in common. According to Hero

> she cannot love
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so *self-endeared.*

'By'r lad,' says Margaret tauntingly to Beatrice, 'I am not such a *fool* to think what I *list, nor I list not* to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in *love or* that you will be in *love* or that you can be in *love.*' These garrulous phrases make an excellent parody of Mirabella's doctrine:

> But let them *love* that *list, or* live *or* die;
> *Me list not* die for any *lovers* doole:
> Ne *list* me leave my *loved* libertie,
> To pitty him that *list* to play the *foole:*
> To *love* my *selfe* I learned had in schoole.[2]

The impeachment of Beatrice, carried on in the metaphor of Cupid's love-court, as is the ordeal of Mirabella, ends with the humiliation of Lady Disdain. She is presently summoned by Margaret ('a Baylieffe errant forth in post

did passe' to attach Mirabella) ; she hears herself accused of disdain, with pertinent evidence; she cannot answer, of course, being hidden (Mirabella does not plead or answer), but she accepts the verdict in legal phrase—'Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?' She promises to tame her 'wild heart' to the 'loving hand' of Benedick (Mirabella's 'stubborne hart, which love before disdayned, Gan stoupe, and falling down with humble awe, Cryde mercie') ; and, finally, the scene which was prefaced by an allusion to Cupid's crafty arrow is concluded with a reference to Cupid's methods, a jingle of Spenserian quality:

> If it proves so, then loving goes by haps,
> Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.[3]
> A net in th' one hand. . . . that Mishap; . . .
> For whom he could not kill, he practized to entrap.

Both Ladies Disdain are tearful.

> *Benedick.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
> *Beatrice.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Mirabella has wept 'two whole years, . . . Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares;' when questioned, 'then bursting forth in teares . . . a while she stayed.[4]

Indeed, Benedick's remark about the 'base though bitter disposition of Beatrice' may be illuminated by reference to the 'base' kindred of Mirabella, whose beauty and scorn are regarded as inconsistent with her position[5] Beatrice, we remember, was a ward in the house of her uncle; she must apologize to him for household duties left undone. Her complete humility once her love is given, her willingness to come when called and to depart when bidden is not only true to the type of the tamed shrew, but in accord with the final departure of the base though bitter Mirabella: 'So humbly taking leave, she turnd aside.[6]

Spenser's other discourteous lady, Briana shaves off the locks and beards of passersby. These she will use to line a mantle with which to bribe the love of the disdainful Crudor. She may help us to account for the jest of Beatrice about beards, the bearded, and the beardless, for Benedick's loss of a beard gone to stuff tennis balls, and for the nickname 'my Lord Lackbeard.'

It would seem that the discourteous habits of the Spenserian Blatant Beast, barking, biting, scratching vile-tongued beast, dominate the first conversation between Beatrice and Benedick. Beatrice would rather hear her dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loved her. Benedick congratulates the gentleman who might thus escape a predestinate scratched face. A parrot with the tongue of Beatrice is better than a beast with the tongue of Benedick. Benedick will hang upon Claudio like a disease, says Beatrice to the Messenger. 'He is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio!' Was not the Blatant Beast sent into this wicked world

> To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
> Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
> He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment?

Artegall saw such a beast,

> The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
> That all in spite and malice did agree . . .
> Now God you speed . . . [to Calidore. Query: Claudio]
> And keepe your body from the danger drad:
> For ye have MUCH ADOE to deal withall.[7]

But Beatrice is not only a Lady Disdain; she is the infernal Ate in good apparel. Ate's two-parted tongue reappears in Shakspere's play as a sobriquet, my Lady Tongue, and constitutes Beatrice's jest about Benedick as reported by Don Pedro: 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues.' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning. There's a double tongue; there's two tongues.'[8] Beatrice provokes Benedick to challenge Claudio; Ate provokes Paridell to challenge Blandamour and renders them

> Forgetfull each to have bene others frend.[9]

Still another Spenserian figure, Sclaunder, may claim kinship with Beatrice. Sclaunder's words were

> noisome breath . . .
> And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind; . . .
> . . . like the stings of Aspes.[10]

'If her breath were as terrible as her terminations,' cries

Benedick of Beatrice, 'there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.' 'Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome,' agrees Beatrice in another passage of the play; 'therefore I will depart unkissed.'

The traits of a maliciously slanderous woman are most undeniably imputed to Beatrice in the 'honest slanders' of her cousin Hero. Beatrice, says Hero, spells all her wise, noble, rarely-featured lovers backward. The fair-faced are womanish, the black-haired are foul blots made by Nature. She

> never gives to truth and vertue that
> Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

The Spenserian Sclaunder, too, pours out

> streames of poyson and of gall
> Gainst all, that truth or vertue doe professe. . . .
> Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse, . . .
> Ne ever Knight so bold . . . but she would strive
> With forged cause them falsely to defame;
> Ne ever thing so well when doen alive,
> But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.[11]

When we see Beatrice emerge from these disdainful, contentious, and slanderous habits into a Beatrice who might have had her good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales,* we are reminded of Phædria, who

> greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
> Of which a store-house did with her remaine.[12]

Beatrice, the pleasant-spirited lady with little of the melancholy element in her, may be compared with Pleasance;[13] in her birth under a dancing star she is another 'sweet Cherefulnesse.'

> Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening cleare
> Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
> And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.[14]

The real Beatrice, however, may stand beside Britomart without disadvantage to either. Both anxiously inquire about their absent lovers; both 'missay' these same absent lovers most cruelly; both are offered herbs to cure their love-sickness. Both fall in love unawares: Britomart by swallowing 'the hidden hooke with bait,' Beatrice by greed-

ily devouring the treacherous bait. And there is in the account of Britomart's agony in love a curious source for Don Pedro's prophecy that Benedick would take a wife: Glauce, the nurse of Britomart, kisses the soft alabaster breast of the maiden,

> Which all that while she felt to pant and quake,
> As it an Earth-quake were.[15]

'Nay,' prophesies Don Pedro in another humor, 'if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.' To which Benedick replies: 'I look for an earthquake too, then.'

II

TWO VICTIMS OF THE BLATANT BEAST: HERO AND SERENA

The earthquake of love in which Benedick and Beatrice are happily engulfed is only less important to the play than the tragic catastrophe narrowly averted from Hero. 'Now the ordeal of Hero at the altar—not present in Bandello, but surely an incident of value in *Much Ado*—has a counterpart in the ordeal of Serena at the altar, directly following the story of Spenser's Lady Disdain in his Book of Courtesy. The denouements differ, but the well-nigh intolerable suffering of an innocent woman serves the like purpose in either case; emotions of pity if not of terror are similarly aroused.

The cause of the suffering of Hero, the scandalous report of her unchastity, has been allegorically set forth by Spenser in another adventure of Serena as follows. While making 'a garland to adorne her head'—compare the scene where Hero tries on her rebato and discusses her gown—

> All sodainely out of the forrest nere
> The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware,
> Caught her thus loosely wandring here and there,
> And in his wide great mouth away her bare.[16]

Serena, like Hero, falls into a 'drery swound.'[17] Thence, like Hero she is borne

> to some place of rest . . .
> Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide
> Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.[18]

Such was the plan of the Friar for Hero; and in various other ways the Friar who came to Hero's aid resembles the experienced Hermit of sage counsel who received the scandal-bitten Serena into his little 'Chappell.'

The actual rescue of Hero was accomplished by Dogberry's Watch. These rustics, and Dogberry in particular, accord well with the 'salvage man' who came to the rescue of Serena in Canto 4—'by fortune, passing all foresight.'[19] Even Dogberry's paronymous use of language might be derived from the 'confused sound of senseless words' of the salvage man, 'which nature did him teach.'[20] 'To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune,' says Dogberry, 'but to write and read comes by nature.' The salvage man's appropriation of warlike arms to 'put them all about himselfe unfit'[21] certainly matches the antics of the Watch with bill and lanthorn. 'You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn.'

Yet chief in Spenser's delineation of the salvage man was his mercy. He

> Shewd some token of his gentle blood
> By gentle usage of that wretched Dame.[22]

Right at this juncture in the Spenserian story we find a discourse on gentle blood wrapt in sad misfortune's foul deformity. Might we have here an explanation of the obscure jest about 'Deformed' in the scenes with the Watch? Borachio says: 'The fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man . . . Seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?' At which one of the Watch whispers: 'I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven years. 'A goes up and down like a gentleman.'[23]

While Borachio, who knows that villainy is villainy in a man whatever the fashion of the doublet, thus speaks of the deformed thief fashion to Conrade, who knows only that the fashion is the fashion, both villains are captured by Dogberry's Watch. A third villain, Don John, escapes. Together these three illustrate the characteristics of the three conspirators of Canto 5 of the Book of Courtesy, who

found the Blatant Beast the fittest means to work their villainy:[24]

> The first of them by name was cald *Despetto,*
> Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
> The second not so strong but wise, *Decetto;*
> The third nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, *Defetto.*[25]

Roughly, this corresponds to the functions of Don John, Borachio, and Conrade. 'Only to despite them I will endeavor anything,' says Don John. Borachio lays the deceitful plan. Conrade, 'Master Gentleman Conrade,' is he not Deformed, Defetto? However we construe 'Defetto'—physical deformity, grotesque apparel, or mental defect, Conrade fits. He is the scab that follows the itch, he was born under Saturn, for him 'the fashion is the fashion,' and while insisting on his own specious gentility he deforms Dogberry with the memorable epithet 'ass.' In confronting Conrade and Dogberry Shakspere illustrates for eye and mind the difference between gentle fashion without gentle blood and gentle blood without gentle fashion, between the deformed that goes up and down like a gentleman, and the deformity of a salvage man who yet by gentle usage saved a wretched Dame. Whether or not he remembered Spenser's images and phrases, the philosophy underlying both Spenserian and Shaksperian term 'Deformed' is identical.

Beyond these similitudes there exists one still closer. Don John *is* the Blatant Beast. 'I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchis'd with a clog . . . If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking.'[26] Unfortunately Don John, like the Blatant Beast, broke his iron chain

> And got into the world at libertie againe.

Hero was to be the next victim of 'biting error,' as her father calls it.

The propriety of Hero's forgiving return to Claudio after the insult at the altar—a step difficult for the modern reader to condone—can be supported by several Spenserian analogies. First, the power of the Blatant Beast to break into the sacred church, to foul the altars, and to cast down

the images.[27] Second, the real danger existing for the Spenserian Knight in such false though fair-appearing ladies as Duessa and the fictitious Florimell. Third, the false report of his lady's unchastity which abuses even St. George, the Knight of Holiness. He, too, cruelly left his Una, her father's

> only daughter deare,
> His onely daughter, and his onely heyre.[28]

And Una forgave St. George because

> true is, that true love hath no powre
> To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.[29]

Although there is little in the situation of Hero to arouse terror in the beholder, the kind of pity we give to Serena and Una, even to Pastorella, Florimell, and Amoret, she richly deserves. In Spenser's words:

> Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollownesse,
> That moves more deare compassion of mind,
> Than beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse
> Through envies snares or fortunes freakes unkinde:
> I . . .
> Feele my heart perst with so great agonie,
> When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.[30]

[*To be continued*]

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[1]*F. Q.* 6, 6, 16, 8; 6, 7, 40, 7, 6, 8, 22, 7-8. *Cf.* also 5, 3, 16, 2; 6, 2, 11, 6-7.
[2]*F. Q.* 6, 8, 21, 1-5. *Cf.* Benedick's babbling rhyme 'school-fool' in *Much Ado,* 5, 2.
[3]*Cf. F. Q.* 3, 12, 11, 5-98.
[4]*F. Q.* 6, 7, 38, 1-3; 6, 8, 19, 1.2.
[5]*F. Q.* 6, 7, 28, 3-4.
[6]*F. Q.* 6, 8, 30, 6.
[7]*F. Q.* 6, 1, 8, 7-9; 9, 2-4, 10, 6-8. Note that some of the thousand tongues were of dogs, some of cats, some of bears. *Cf.* Claudio: A'nd then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.'
[8]*Cf. F Q.* 4, 1, 27, 6-9.

> Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
> And both the parts did speak, and both contended;
> And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
> That never thoght one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

The editor of the Variorum concedes that Shakspere '*might*' have heard of Ate in Spenser, and cites Wright to the same effect.
[9]*F. Q.* 4, 2, 14, 9. *Cf.* also the Spenserian Atin of the Book of Temperance, 2, 4, 42, 5; 2, 5, 36, 1-2.
[10]*F. Q.* 4, 8, 26, 3, 5, 8.
[11]*F. Q.* 4, 8, 24-25.
[12]*F. Q.* 2, 6, 6, 4-5.
[13]*F. Q.* 3, 12, 18, 1, 4-5.
[14]*F. Q.* 4, 10, 50, 6-9.

[15]*F Q.* 3, 2, 42, 8-9.
[16]*F Q.* 6, 3, 24, 1-4.
[17]*F Q.* 6, 3, 27, 7.
[18]*F Q.* 6, 3, 28, 7-9.
[19]*F Q.* 6, 4, 2, 1.
[20]*F Q.* 6, 4, 11, 7-8.
[21]*F Q.* 6, 5, 8, 4-6.
[22]*F Q.* 6, 5, 2, 5-6. Dogberry had always been called a merciful man, and would not hang a dog by his will, much more a man who had any honesty in him.
[23]*F Q.* 5, 3, 38, 4; 4, 8, 12, 6; 1, 8, 49, 2; 1, 9, 30, 5; 1, 4, 21, 1-2; 1, 1, 22, 7. Borachio's next speech in *Much Ado*—'Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty, sometimes fashioning them like . . ., sometime like . . ., sometime like . . .,—is cast in the mould of Spenser's account of the shapes which assail the senses of the house of the soul: 'Deformed creatures, in strange difference, Some having . . . some . . . Some . . . & (*FQ.* 2, 11, 8-12, and especially 10, 9.

All these deformed creatures were dispersed by the Prince (*FQ.* 2, 11, 19, 4-5). 4-5).

> As withered leaves drop from their dired stocks,
> When the wroth Western win does reave their locks.

Were these the locks from which the Deformed of *Much Ado* picked up the one he wore? If the deformed hindparts of Danger in the Book of Friendship were known to Shakspere, it was one of Danger's 'kaies' that Deformed wore in his ear in Act 5 (*FQ.* 4, 10, 18, 9). The 'vigilant foresight' of the wight (*FQ.* 4, 10, 20, 9) who would avoid these deformed hindparts of Danger recalls Dogberry's caution, 'Be vigilant.'

[24]*FQ.* 6, 5, 14, 8.
[25]*FQ.* 6, 5, 13, 6-9.
[26]*Cf. FQ.* 6, 12, 34; 2-4: Calidore

> tooke a muzzell strong
> Of surest yron . . .
> Therewith he mured up his mouth along.

Cf. also Spenser's Danger in the Mask of Cupid:

> cloth'd in ragged weed,
> Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadful made,
> Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
> Strange horrour to *deforme* his grieisly shade.

[27]*FQ.* 6, 12, 25; 1, 3, 4-5. *Cf.* Claudio of Hero when he learns that she is innocent:

> Sweet Hero. now thy image doth appear
> In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

[28]*Cf.* Don Pedro: 'No child but Hero; she's his only heir.'
[29]*FQ.* 1, 3, 30, 7-8. There are two reminiscences of Britomart in Hero; one phrase in the song at Hero's tomb begging pardon for those that slew a 'Virgin Knight'; and the blush of Hero interpreted amiss by Claudio, which follows the suggestion of 3. 3, 20-1-6:

> The doubtfull Mayd, seeing herselfe descryde,
> Was all abasht, and her pure yvory
> Into a cleare Carnation suddeine dyde;
> As faire *Aurora* rising hastily,
> Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
> All night in old *Tithonus* frosen bed.

[90]*FQ.* 1, 3, 1.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

By S. A. T.

A PORTRAIT OF ANNE HATHAWAY?

Colgate University, located in Hamilton, N. Y., has just received a gift copy of the Third Folio edition of Shakspere's works from Mr. James C. Colgate of New York, which promises to be of great interest to lovers of the Stratford poet. On the back of the title-page is a pen and ink drawing (3 x 5 inches) of the face of a young woman; below the drawing is an inscription in ink which reads "Delin N. C. 1708."

On the first blank page of the book are seventeen lines of writing in ink signed, we are told, "Robert Curzon, 1850." These seventeen lines read as follows: "The manuscript verses on the next page,/ refer to a drawing of Anne Hathaway, which/ had been made on the back of the blank 1st title—; by my Great Grandfather, Sir Nathaniel/ Curzon of Keddlestone, this drawing was/ almost obliterated, and the remains of it are/ concealed, by mounting the page, which was/ loose, in the old family copy of this book = = =/ The printed verses are most rare, if not unique/ in this form, I have never met with another/ specimen, they were intended for the very/ rare edition of 1663. printed without the/ seven additional plays, for Philip Chetwinde./ This copy seems to be Chetwinde's edition, as/ it has his title page, as well as the common/ one, and it has had the 7 additional plays/ added at the end, with a separate pagination."

On the frontispiece, underneath B. J's verses "To the reader," appears the following adaptation of the famous poem on the Droeshout portrait:

"This figure, that thou there seest put
It was for Shakespear's Consort cut
Wherein the Graver had a Strife
With Nature to outdo the Life
O had he Her Complexion shewn
As plain as He's the outline Drawn
The plate, believe me, would surpass
All that was ever made in brass.
N C 1708."

Needless to say, Colgate University would be the possessor of a precious Shaksperian relic if it could be shown that the drawing is genuine. But, unfortunately, careful scientific investigation will show that the whole business (portrait, notation, and verses) is probably a comparatively modern fake. (1) In the first place, the so-called *N* in the inscription "N. C. 1708" seems to have been originally a *V* which was altered to an *N* by the addition of a tremulous initial upstroke,—a point which could be decided by a careful chemical and microscopic examination of the upstroke. (2) Much of the 17-line notation is either meaningless or absurd. (3) One can see that this long notation was originally written with a pencil and that subsequently someone rewrote the note in ink in such a way that the ink strokes almost overlap the original pencil strokes. (4) From an examination of a photograph of the notation one is justified in saying that an attempt had been made to erase the pencil writing, even though many of the original outlines are easily visible, not only under microscopic examination, but in some instances even to the naked eye. (5) It may be of the utmost significance that the original pencil writing is not the same style of script as the writing in ink. (6) The handwriting of the verses to the reader does not seem to be that which was current in 1708; it looks more like the style of script employed by writers towards the end of the eighteenth century and the first third of the nineteenth.

We hope to report on this matter further in a future issue, in the meantime reserving judgment.